

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



GOVERNOR CRINKLE'S VISIT.

THE CRINKLES OF CRINKLEWOOD HALL.

CHAPTER VI.

"SHUCK," cried the governor, awaking from a short sleep.

Shuck, who had stood midway between him and the door ready to repel any invasion, if necessary, stepped briskly up.

"Shuck, I've been a great fool!" cried the governor.

Shuck was in no position to deny this. Unused as he was to contradict his master, he could not very well do it now, so he replied, very gently, "Yes, sir."

The governor, struck by the assent, looked at him and said, "Oh, *you* think so, do you?"

"Me? no; but being as *you* did (as was bound to know best), I couldn't help but say 'Yes,' could I now?" he expostulated; "an' you're better? That's a good job."

He spoke with so much kind concern that the

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PRICE ONE PENCE.

governor was touched, and took without remonstrance the cordial which madame had been busily preparing for him, and had put silently inside the door. It acted well on him.

"I suppose you thought it was up with me?" he said, with an inquiring look, after a few minutes' pause.

"Well," replied Shuck, "it looked ugly, you being in years, and so heavy made, and so—so—"

"So *what?* finish!" cried the governor, but not angrily.

"So ready to—go—of a heat—we'll say," replied Shuck, at a loss how to answer without exciting his master now he was so ill able to bear it.

"Well, I'm not going off yet; it was indigestion. Mag did not curry the fowl enough." Shuck didn't believe this statement, but he kept silent "I'm afraid I shall disappoint you all," cried the governor again, looking up into Shuck's face with a questioning expression.

"Not *all* on us!" replied Shuck, heartily. "I'm sure, master, I *hope* never to see you make a finish like that!"

"What was the matter with 'the finish'? What difference how one finishes?" asked the governor.

Shuck was so encouraged by the forbearing tone, so unlike the usual one, in which this was uttered, that he ventured to answer. "A deal o' difference; I *hope* you'll make a good end whenever the time comes; and me too, as for that."

"Then you've got your doubts about yourself, too?" the governor replied. "I'm glad of that; but if I'm taken with a fit and it kills me, can I help it?"

"You'd best not talk now, master, dear," said Shuck. "Madame's orders was I was to keep you quiet after taking the stuff she made for you."

"She made—did she make it?" he asked.

"Yes; and she put it in at the door as light as a bird, and she says, 'It'll restore him,' which meant 'make you better.'"

The governor fell into a muse, during which time Shuck stood motionless at his post.

"Why do you stand *there*?" he cried, after a long pause.

"Just to keep out them as has the owdaciousness to push in anywhere!" he answered, in tones of strong indignation.

"What's become of them all?" inquired the governor. "Where's the old woman and that young man and all those people?"

"I can't say, but be sure, master, they're not a-coming a-nearst you; and, good now, be you quiet and get another sleep; it'll be the saving of you, it will indeed."

Shuck spoke so earnestly, so almost affectionately, that the governor nodded kindly in reply, and closed his eyes as if to sleep again. And he did sleep, very soundly and serenely.

"He sleeps!" whispered Madame Topliffe, peeping in at the door.

"Ay, like a top," answered Shuck. "I hope they'll keep the peacock from the window."

Madame, with her fingers on her lips, beckoned him out of the room, and in the dressing-room adjoining, inquired what had passed. "He is himself?—quite conscious?" she asked.

"He's a deal better than himself, so reasonable like; I wouldn't wish to speak reasonabler myself," he answered.

"Good! did he ask any questions?" she continued.

"No; he were more full of his own business than other folks." He told me he'd been a great fool for one thing."

"And you?" inquired madame.

"Ah! I warn't a-goin' to say 'No,' course not; he've done a many foolish things, like most on us; and being as he's lived longer than a many, and have had such a masterful spirit in him always, course he's been more unreasonbler than most; but, for all that, there's a deal to be said for him; he were hard put upon in his youth. I shan't forget when I went to him down at Portsmouth, just when he were goin' on board ship, and told him to come back, for it were talked of that Miss Chancellor (her as has got her eye poked out) was bringing ruin on the family, all to make a pocket for her own waste; and if he didn't come back at once, the thing'd be done and no remedy. What a way he were in. He come back wi' me, and how he stormed; and if he'd a met wi' her instead of the *thing* as he did, she'd have had a wuss poke still, it's my belief. Well, he went off, after telling his mind to the squire, and I went with him, and I served him faithful many years, I did; and sorry I was to see how he got more and more ungainly in his ways, all through that 'ooman's doings; and then the hot sun there gave him a bad fever, as damaged his brains more and more, and he took to quarrelling uncommon; and once I come between him and a chap as was as bent on making an end of him as ever he was of doing the like by Miss Chancellor. Yes; I saved his life; and I hoped when we come home he'd think it all over, and treat me like one as desarved kindness; but there, he's got that in him as won't lie quiet, an' he's to be pitied for that. Yes; I forgives him everything, I do. Poor master! I'm sorry for him!"

Madame Topliffe was enchanted with Shuck; so fine and just and generous a way of seeing things, so unselfish. She assured him that she entirely agreed with him, and hoped that his master would be wiser in future; on which he heartily assured her that the governor had his best wishes that way.

They remained talking some time, and madame told him that Captain Chancellor had taken the orphans and their nurse up to Crinkle, to dispatch them by a night train to his sister. This was a great relief to his mind, and he went back to his master, on hearing a slight movement in the room, with alacrity.

"Shuck!" cried the governor.

"Here, sir!" cried Shuck, and a pause followed.

"What's become of that horrid crew?" the governor asked.

"Niggers?" he inquired, with a triumphant grin. The governor nodded.

"All shipped off; as good as gone to Novy Scoshy," said Shuck. "He's took 'em all away—him as you took at first for a reverend. They won't come back no more."

The governor lay silent again, then asked, "The old woman—where is she?"

"Mag?" asked Shuck.

"Mag—no; *you know*," said the governor, who had not yet sufficiently recovered his balance to be able to pronounce distasteful names.

"Ah! good idee," replied Shuck. "She's gone back to the study to wait till you can see her."

"I don't want to see her," said the governor.
 "That's the awkwardness," said Shuck, "being as she's bent on seeing you."
 "What for? what does she want to see me for?" he inquired, somewhat pettishly.

"She says she can make your mind quite easy, and put you in a way to be more comfortable than you've ever been; and she's of the 'pinion as you've been a sort of a misused man, and she'd like to do you a bit of justice."

"Tell her I can't see her again to-day; to-morrow, or some other day," said the governor, turning his head away, and closing his eyes again for sleep; but Shuck had not the opportunity of declaring his message, for madame, being tired of waiting and doing nothing, had started on foot for Crinkle, her train over her arm, with the intention of laying an embargo on the first vehicle she met with, from a wheelbarrow to a chariot and pair.

CHAPTER VII.

CAPTAIN CHANCELLOR, although he had seen the wisdom of carrying off the nine little Chancellors, and was forced into it, indeed, by the energy of his good cousin, was much at a loss how to transport them to Crinkle, where, by madame's desire, they were to wait at her lodgings for the train, and be thoroughly rested and refreshed for their journey.

Happily, the baker's cart had not yet left the precincts of the Thorpe, for there were several cottages, whose inmates were customers, between the Thorpe and the quarries, and these had to be visited. Very glad was the captain to deposit the orphans and their guard in it, saying he would take the short cut and be at Crinkle before them.

Of course he would be at Crinkle before them, for the baker served some in Little or Lower Crinkle with bread, and he had to travel there first.

The baby cried, and the younger ones became fretful; little wonder their journey had been a weary one. The nurse was evidently worn down with toil and care, and looked as if her spirit was hardening into revenge for the cruel repulse she had met with at the Thorpe, after all her efforts to reach it. "Such faithful self-sacrifice in service surely deserves a better return."

While the cart waited at a door in Lower Crinkle, a woman came up to it as though for a loaf, but far more in earnest about the company it contained.

"Why you've got more mouths than bread to fill 'em with," she cried to the baker, who merely replied he was going to take them to Top Crinkle.

The sound of the woman's voice attracted the nurse's attention, and she turned round, and a steady mutual stare between them followed.

"It's my belief—sure it is—are you Mary Anne?" cried the customer, who was no other than Mrs. Chippery.

"I hardly know who I am, I am so dead beat," answered the nurse; but Mary Anne's my name, and yours is Betsy, if I'm not in a mistake."

"Well. Job! Job!" cried Betsy to her husband, who had been doing a little work in their garden, and singing in the happiness that had come on him; "here's our Mary Anne; I knowed her at first sight; and however come you here?" she cried, beginning to lift the children from the cart.

"Oh, we mustn't stop. I knowed you best and quickest by your talk," said the nurse; "I wonder you could remember me all these years gone by."

The baker said he could let them wait while he finished his round, and would pick them up again in half an hour.

The best that "Betsy" (Mrs. Chippery) could afford was brought out, but there was little time for feasting. Rapid inquiries were passed, and the baker at last, having waited till he could wait no longer, and having disposed of every loaf, gave notice that they must start.

Just as they were remounting, the neighbours, such as were at liberty from work, being in a little knot listening and staring at all that was going on, were diverted from the cart and its tenants by some object visible to them lower down the street. "Stop! stop!" they cried, as the baker was moving off, and then appeared Madame Topliffe, waving her parasol, and making other gestures of arrest.

"Oh, I have no breath; met no carriage; lost my way. Baker, you must take me in," she cried, almost breathless with exertion.

Mrs. Chippery looked at her with wonder, but Job knew her immediately, and bowed reverently, telling his wife it was "Madame Topliffe as had put him on at the quarries." The baker looked at the nurse and children, and at his cart; to be sure he had no bread "on board," but "could the lady find room?"

Job instantly took out two of the smaller children, saying he would carry them, and he knew his wife would carry the baby, and her sister would be glad of the walk by her side, as they'd got a deal "to go over." This left the cart pretty free, and madame, delighted with having at last found "a perch," as she said, quite longed to get home that she might learn how these "sisters" came together, and make friends with the little orphans, and learn more than she had in the hurry been able to gather, of such adventures of Randal Chancellor and his family as the nurse could acquaint her with.

It was a long story the poor nurse had to tell her; master, "a thorough Chancellor," as madame declared to the governor when repeating it, had always been very unsettled and extravagant, trying fresh schemes for raising money, and spending much in them to no purpose. His wife, a delicate woman, unequal to contend with the trials and privations his folly exposed her to, had sunk under them, and left her last child quite an infant, having no earthly support or comfort, under her suffering but the faithful "Mary Anne." This true-hearted woman had learnt from her example the value of faith and love, and had promised to "stand by the dear children" while she lived and was able, and with her strange mixture of bluntness and tenderness had told her, her eyes filled with tears, that "she might go to heaven quite happy about them, for the Lord had laid it upon her to 'do for them,' and she wouldn't go from it."

Randal Chancellor was "up the country" when his wife died. He had been looking for land, his last project having been to build a house and create a farm, which he was to work in joint proprietorship with others, by help of their money, his own being gone.

The sight of his orphan children affected him, and the remembrance of what he had made his poor suffering, patient wife pass through, struck still deeper into his heart. He resolved on sending them all to England, to his relatives, who, he knew, would not forsake nor neglect them in their destitute state. He would himself work hard, use all self-denial, and make a home for them, to which they might return when it

was ready for them. Mary Anne inwardly smiled at his plans and promises, putting no faith in any of them; but she approved of their all going to England, resolving that if their relatives disowned them, she would, in some way, strive to get their bread. She pondered over the lessons her dying mistress had taught her, and as she did so her heart grew strong, faith grasped God's promises, and she doubted nothing. Randal then wrote to Mrs. Callendar, and as he had no certain knowledge of her dwelling-place—for he had not written for some years—he had commissioned a friend who was just sailing for England to find her out and deliver his letter. This had not long been done when the anxiety he had undergone, his remorse for his past failures and misdoings, and the prospect of risk in his intended undertaking, threw him into a low, nervous state. He grew worse, and sunk rapidly.

Much pity was excited among the people around for the nine little orphan children. A purse was collected for them, to make up what was needful for the voyage; and they left for their new life and in quest of a new home soon after their father's funeral.

Before his death he had told Mary Anne that she had better not wait for a letter from England, but go at once, on landing, to Crinkle Thorpe. She would surely find some of his family there, and be directed by them to Mrs. Callendar. So far they had been cared for.

"Look!" she exclaimed, opening an old leather purse; "here's a shilling and a few coppers left of what was gathered for us; enough and no more; for, now, we come to the right place (though we had a job to get in), and we found you and the gentleman, and we are going where we shall want for nothing (no! *that's* where poor missus has gone; it's *there* they wants for nothing!)"

Madame Topliffe looked much affected as she listened. She insisted on the whole party being quartered on Mrs. Macfarlane for the night at least, and gave the nurse a *carte blanche* to refit herself and all the children, in the morning, with such things as they wanted that Crinkle would afford, before leaving it.

Mrs. Macfarlane did not much admire the having so many beds to provide on so short a notice, and in her heart hoped her "apartments" would be "engaged" if ever Madame Topliffe applied for them again, being never sure what her eccentric lodger would do next.

Mary Anne explained that she had left Yorkshire to "go out" with Randal and his wife, and that Job Chippery's wife was then a girl at home; that she had never had any communication with her family, owing to the many troubles that they had had to pass through, and their continual change of place. "I little thought to see her here!" she added; "and so happy married! If it hadn't been for her Yorkshire tongue, as came like music to me, never having heard it all these years, I don't think I should have known her."

When the party had left Top Crinkle (Madame, assuring Job's wife, who had "come to see them off," that she would make interest with Mrs. Callendar to get a holiday for Mary Anne to pay her a visit as soon as possible), the heroic little lady again prepared for a call at the Thorpe; but just as she was engaging a vehicle, the lumbering, old-fashioned Crinkle coach drove up to Mrs. Macfarlane's door, with Shuck on the box and the governor inside.

Late events had forced the governor to "consideration," a thing he had hitherto ignored.

First, he felt it would be necessary for him to see Madame Topliffe again. Second, he had a remote sensation of gratitude to her for the kindness she had shown to him in his illness. Third, she did not like the Chancellors—she had said so. And fourth, by going to see her he would prevent her from going to see him. This last was perhaps the most potent reason of the four.

Mrs. Macfarlane forgave all the eccentricities of her lodger when she saw the governor's chariot at the door. It was a recompense to her for all the degradations that she feared her "apartments" would have suffered.

Shuck, with much deference, handed his master out; and madame, who saw them from the window, met them on the stairs.

"Oh, how happy I am!—but are you well enough? Ah, I see, you like the air, and are wise, if you can venture, to go out. I was on the point of going to you. I have thought much about you during the night."

Thus she talked as she rather danced than walked before him into her room.

"See," she exclaimed, pointing to the table, "how busy I have been—not for myself! Directly the thing is settled, I have resolved on giving up my little share to the orphans—they shall have it all!" As she spoke, having led the governor to the sofa, and placed a cushion for him to lean on, she went to the table and brought a roll of papers.

He was silent. He had long had his doubts about the claim that might be made on the quarries, and if he could have found "Number Thirty" he would have been assured of the fact or otherwise. He had seen enough of old letters and memoranda, all carefully numbered, to be aware that such a bequest had been made by Hester Chancellor, and he looked on it as the filling up her measure of wickedness, thinking that the least she could have done would have been to leave what she had to leave to him, whom she had so injured.

It had fretted and teased him sadly, that "Number Thirty!" He could not be easy in his ownership until he knew what it contained, for he suspected from the bearing of the others it was a declaration in full in favour of any children of Randal Chancellor. He hoped it might have been destroyed, and so would never be forthcoming. He was wholly ignorant of Randal Chancellor's state and circumstances, and "the nine little Chancellors"—or "niggers," as Shuck called them—were as far from his thoughts as the New Zealand they came from.

He had not recovered sufficient strength for any lively expression of interest, so he took the roll from her hand, and opened it in silence. The very first document that met his eyes was Number Thirty!

A look of gloom and disappointment passed over his face. "Where did you get this, ma'am?" he asked.

"From my lawyer. He, after getting me a copy of the woman's will, ferreted out everything that could make the case clear. This must have been deposited in his office at the time. He has the original; this is but a copy. Will you like to take it?"

"The woman's will." That was a peacemaker. A long conversation followed—very long for the governor to take a part in; especially with a woman.

The affair was plain enough—Number Thirty decided it. The quarries belonged to the orphans of Randal Chancellor.

Madame Topliffe, with her beautiful skill, worked her guest round almost to see that he would be well rid of the quarries. There would be a large sum due to him for what he had laid out on them, far exceeding the profits that they had produced. How much better for him to go on improving Crinkle itself, and, if possible, add to its attractions! For her part, she would gladly be rid of the responsibility and trouble of all those workmen.

The governor was at least somewhat reconciled to his loss, and he felt the truth of Captain Chancellor's words, "Better to go out with flying colours than be forced to capitulate on disgraceful terms."

The kind-hearted lady was bent on "softening the bear" and "taming the lion." She took Shuck's view of the case, and thought there was much to pity, and great allowance to be made.

The governor felt her kindness. He gradually, during her stay in "Top Crinkle," which, on his account, she prolonged, gave way to her influence; and if she would have made the Thorpe her home, she would have been gladly received there. But no; that was a point beyond even her benevolence to go; but she promised to visit him every year, and she remained till she saw the business concluded, and then, urging him to visit her in Paris, she took her departure, telling Shuck before she left to put "Hester" into a lumber-room, and never let his master see her more.

We cannot stay to "bring up" the nine little Chancellors. They were brought up well by their good aunt, Mrs. Callendar; and by degrees the governor came to think that Madame Topliffe was right; Crinkle was enough for him, and it was better for him that they should have their own, and he should have no more plague from doubt and uncertainty.

Shuck was very happy; a comfortable bed and a tasty dinner were no longer necessary, if severe trial made them so; but he still had a strong predilection for both, and Old Mag was on occasions admitted to the study for orders, to her great satisfaction.

"Shuck," the governor asked one day, "when is that road to be finished?"

"When it's better worked on, I fancy," Shuck answered.

"It was going on well," said the governor.

"Ay, that were before Job were turned off," said Shuck.

"Turned off?" said the governor, quietly. "I think I remember something about it; have him back."

"Better wages?" Shuck inquired.

"Yes, yes; they're all being raised now; raise him."

"A free cottage? there's one by the coppice gate empty," Shuck ventured to ask.

"Let him have it, and put him on at once; but, Shuck, let him keep his wife at home," said the governor.

Shuck was glad; he did not say that Job was at the quarries, he thought that might offend, and, as he remarked often very sagely to Old Mag, "it won't do to tread hard on thin ice."

Every visit that madame paid to Crinkle Thorpe she found the governor improved, and by every visit she seemed to improve him. Shuck told her in confidence that master had taken to read the Bible, and he thought "now the Commandments was beginning to make a work on him." Mrs. Chipperty sometimes rebelled against the new discipline under which she was brought, and had an occasional hankering for Yorkshire, but her beautiful cottage and the increase of wages were solid comforts and consolations, and she never fell now below a fit of sulks or frets, which Job could soon subdue by his own good-temper or by a slight rebuke.

Altogether there was much more happiness in Crinkle than in former days. "I believe it's all come of that fit, when them children was brought sudden on him," Shuck said one day, talking matters over with Job and Johnny Marks. "I say it's come of God's goodness—Him as brings good out of evil, don't you, Job?" said Johnny.

"I say as I don't know *how* it's come, but I know who has made it to come. Glory to His name! It's a taste of the better life before we get to it."

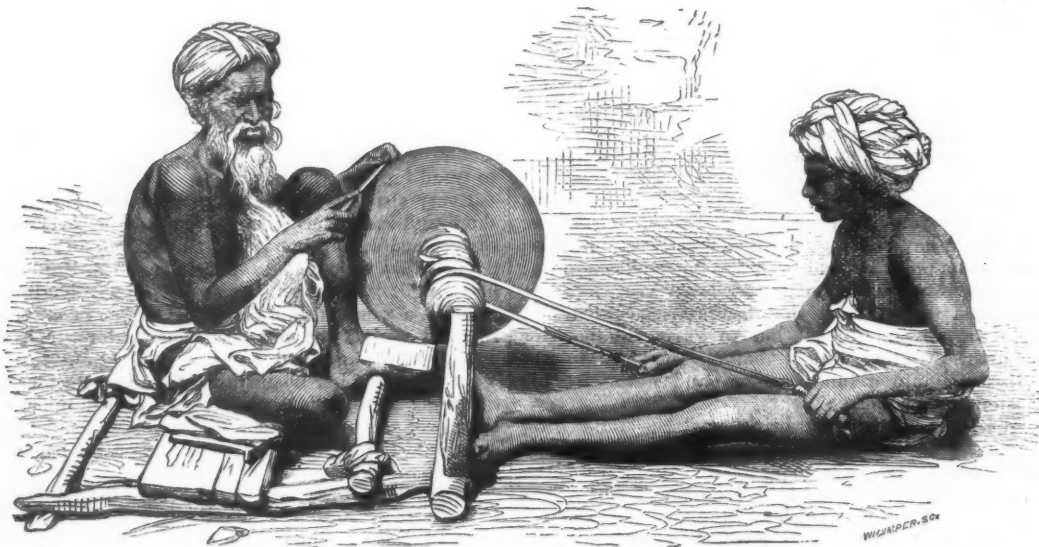
IRON MINING AND IRON MANUFACTURE IN INDIA.

I WOULD invite the reader to accompany me to an Indian iron district, to make acquaintance with its people, and the operations in which they are engaged. In place of a smoke-blackened town, or rows of flaming furnaces, and of mixed and busy life, scenes such as the Black Country affords, an Indian jungle meets the view. As is generally the case, the trees are not very tall, the most common of them being the gum-arabic tree and other acacias, which do not rise high, though they sometimes make progress difficult by interlocking their long arms with those of other thorny shrubs and trees, much as in our country the wild roses and brambles are wont to intertwine. As we journey on by the rough and narrow cart-road, there is seen to tower above the trees of the jungle a precipice of naked rock, dark, grim, and defiant. Is it possible that some forest chieftain, half nobleman, half robber, can here have fixed his head-quarters? Is this the centre from which men, stout of heart and limb, but of easy conscience, sally

forth to levy black-mail on half the country round? We had better go and see. Doing so, not the hold of some robber, but a great natural curiosity, an iron hill, reared by the hand of God, bursts upon our view. With an excitement proportioned to the novelty of the circumstances, we press forward. First, we have to force our way through thorny shrubs and trees, which form a belt around the lower portion of the hill. We are next brought up by huge masses of iron ore, some as long and as high from the ground as an ordinary pianoforte, and wherever a chip has been broken off, the lustre of the fresh fracture is that of an ordinary nail. Passing this new belt, we reach the base of a precipice which rises almost sheer up from the ground, and constitutes the summit, or natural citadel, of the iron hill. There are upon it no trees or shrubs or herbs, except here and there where some adventurous member of the vegetable kingdom has managed to stick itself in a crevice; and the absence of verdure makes its aspect gloomy in the extreme.

As the best means of testing the richness of the ore, a pocket compass was tried, the needle of which soon span round in pursuit of a fragment of rock caused to revolve above it. One of our company made an effort to reach the top of the naked precipice, and in part succeeded by carefully tracing the way along clefts which have been produced in it here and there apparently by old convulsions. But presently these aids to upward movement were no longer available, and our friend, who had fallen on his knees, reported the sensation left behind by contact

seen a white man there before for upwards of twenty years. No previous information had been obtained from European or native regarding the existence of such a natural phenomenon; it afterwards appeared, however, that, a quarter of a century before, the existence of the hill had been known to the British authorities, and had then again sunk into oblivion. As the Anglo-Indian society in every part of our Eastern dominions is continually changing, such loss of knowledge, impossible in a more settled country, not unfrequently takes place. The name of the hill



INDIAN KNIFE-GRINDER.

with the hard metallic rock to be the reverse of pleasant. But being of a very adventurous disposition, he no sooner recovered from the shock than he resolved to proceed, merely taking the precaution of removing his shoes, that his feet, protected only by his stocking-soles, might cling more tenaciously to the rock. He successfully reached the summit, examined the rock, and found it less pure than the specimen taken from one of the smaller pieces lower down. Feeling that the value of an iron mine in large measure depends on two considerations—first, proximity and abundance of fuel; and secondly, facilities of transport to a market—he made observations from the elevated spot he had reached as to the quantity of wood in the landscape, and found that nothing but jungle was to be seen as far as the eye could reach, whilst it was known that there was a navigable river within a distance of three miles.

It was on Monday, January 17th, 1853, that the writer of this article, in the company of the distinguished missionary, the late Rev. Mr. Hislop, with native attendants, was journeying from Wyraghur, about eighty miles S.E. from Nagpore, back to the latter place, when, just after passing a village called Dewalgaum, about eleven miles from Wyraghur, this hill of iron ore suddenly burst upon our view.* The region was one rarely trodden by travellers; so much so, indeed, that the people told us they had not

was Khundeshwur. "Khund" signifies any pit, a quarry, etc., and "eeshwur" is God. The name therefore implied the belief that divine honours were due to the ore obtained from the workings. Nor were we left to etymology alone in coming to this conclusion. On approaching a small quarry at the base of the hill, the people wished us to take off our shoes, as the ore was a god!

The quarries (so-called) were simply holes in the ground, or mere surface scratchings, nowhere exceeding five feet in depth, a considerable contrast from the profound depths reached by the shaft of a British coal or iron pit. The places where these "quarries" were opened was where the ore was in fragments.

"Why," we said, "do you put off time in such comparatively unproductive spots; why not at once attack the huge blocks higher up the hill?" On which they replied, "It would be no use, our instruments would be knocked all to pieces upon them."

The process of smelting attracted our notice in the neighbouring villages. The ore was first broken to pieces, and put into an earthen furnace with charcoal. To some it may appear strange that this description of fuel should be employed. "Why," it will be said, "did the miners not use the coal which was associated with the ironstone?" A satisfactory answer to this question may be returned. There was no coal, so far as we could see, in the vicinity. The geological formation was not the well-known "carbo-

* It was the Rev. Mr. Hislop who succeeded in reaching the top of the hill.

iferous" ore so familiar to us in the British Isles, but the ore existed in a metamorphic rock, the quartz basis of which it had in many specimens almost entirely replaced. So charcoal had to be used, the manufacture of which we had previously seen in progress, the simple process being the cutting-down and burning the trees of the jungle. Two kinds of bellows were employed to create a blast. One sort was large, and girded round with hoops; the other was smaller. Each furnace had a hole at the top, whence, after a time, the flames arose. The slag ran out melted at the bottom, and the iron was left behind in the furnace. After being taken out it was cut, while red-hot, into pieces with hatchets, and then again melted in a smaller furnace. No flux of any kind was used. Lastly, the iron was once more divided with hatchets, and was then in a condition to be given over to the blacksmith to be hammered into bars. The daily produce of each furnace was represented to be about half a rupee—that is a shilling sterling, from which the expense of the charcoal, etc., had to be deducted. At the village of Injwaree, the great seat of the iron manufactures in connection with the iron hill, were twenty-three such furnaces, while forty-seven more existed in the neighbouring villages. A navigable river, the Wyne Gunga, or "Jungle Ganges," ran past three miles west of the hill; and west again of that noble river were other forges, fed by ore of a different kind, which came not from the quarries previously described, but from others west of the river, where it abounded.

The iron district now mentioned is but one of a multitude existing throughout India. In the year 1854, when the East Indian Railway Company, then engaged in constructing their great trunk line, found their operations embarrassed by the high price of iron in Britain, and by the great rise in the expense of its freight, they made an appeal to the Anglo-Indian community in the East to furnish them with information in regard to native iron mines wherever they existed, while the leading newspaper in India opened its columns for communications on the same subject. The result was striking. Accounts of iron districts arrived not simply from that part of India already noticed, but from Gwalior, and from Nimar, from Kumaon, from Beerbhoom, and from other provinces and districts, so that the newspaper had at last to intimate that it was satisfied, and declare that it would take less time to say where iron was not than where it was to be discovered.

In every large village community throughout India, the blacksmith caste constitutes a not unimportant portion of society. In a small agricultural hamlet of forty houses we found about one family of blacksmiths; in a village with 6,294 inhabitants, 31 were of that caste; and in a city of 115,000 inhabitants they amounted to 742.

In a little volume, consisting of extracts from the letters of an Indian officer to his children at home, the operations of blacksmiths and other native artisans are thus depicted: "In the description I sent you of my house and compound [that is garden, or rather walled enclosure], I included my workshop. I have a good deal of work going on there just now, and I sometimes pass half an hour working with the smiths, carpenters, armourers, hammermen, and bellows-boys. As they are the best workmen in the place, I have often private work to do for my neighbours, and you may see them repairing on one side a gun-carriage,

and on the other a lady's watch-chain, and a man close by making horse-shoes, etc. I was thinking as I stood watching them to-day, how people in England would be astonished at the excellent work they turn out with such rude implements. There is not a table in the whole workshop: they all squat down on the ground; the smith in front of a little mud fireplace, which he makes for himself in five minutes; the bellows-boy behind it with his primitive bellows. These consist of a couple of sheepskins, each sewed up into a bag; one end of each is brought to a point, armed with an iron pipe, and inserted in the fire; the opposite end is left open, with a small piece of wood fastened on each side of the opening. By means of these two pieces of wood, which have a loop of string on them to pass his fingers and thumb through, he alternately opens the skin to admit the air, and then closing it drives the wind into the fire, and so working a skin with each hand, he keeps up a constant stream of wind with very little exertion."

A day will doubtless come when European enterprise and capital will be more extensively employed in developing the resources of our Oriental empire. Then the unassailable blocks of the richest iron ore lying uselessly on the side of Khundeshwur hill will find in European miners what we may be pardoned for terming "foemen worthy of their steel," and iron manufacturers, establishing themselves in the East, will open new channels of industry.

R. HUNTER, F.G.S.

LONDON DISTRICT POST-OFFICES.

THE General Post-office has long been a favourite theme with writers who have usually pronounced it—and very justly too—to be one of the most remarkable illustrations of well-organised labour to be met with in this busy world of ours. The magnitude and importance of its work, its marvellous rapidity of action, and the regularity and precision with which its operations are almost invariably carried on, have again and again been dilated on, and the general features of its vast mechanism have been made the subject of essays almost innumerable.

There is, however, one portion of the great system of which the General Post-office is the centre, which has been rather overlooked, and that, moreover, a part which is in itself so gigantic, that the oversight of it must necessarily leave the apprehension of the whole machinery very partial and imperfect. Such an oversight is perhaps not very astonishing. The Postmaster-General reports that last year his department transmitted more than a thousand million letters. The real significance of such a number, however, perhaps no man who ever lived would be capable of fairly grasping, and the uninitiated stranger may be excused if, after an inspection of the General Post-office at the busiest times in the day, he comes away with the impression that he has witnessed the process of receiving and distributing the great bulk of one day's postal packages for the whole kingdom. He may be excused if he conceives the idea that all the letters of the kingdom are poured into that central establishment, and are there sorted and redistributed. How entirely erroneous such an idea would be, even as regards the letters of London, may be shown by a brief account of the Metropolitan District Post-offices, the functions of which are only slightly represented

in the great building in St. Martin's-le-Grand, and concerning which most of the visitors to this busy scene, as well as the great majority of the public, have only a very vague idea.

At the present time, as everybody knows, the District Post-offices of London are a part and parcel of the system of the General Post-office. Up to the year 1854, however, the General Post and the District Post were two distinct establishments, with organisations totally independent of each other. The larger establishment of the two, the General Post, may be said to date from the reign of Charles I, who issued a proclamation commanding the establishment of an inland postal system in the year 1635. The London District Post was established about fifty years later, by an enterprising upholsterer, one Robert Murray, who conceived the idea of carrying letters and small parcels about London, at a uniform charge of a penny each, an idea which at that time of day looked so revolutionary, that the sturdy Protestants of London denounced Murray and his mail-bags as so much machinery set up by the Jesuits for the speedier hatching of plots against the Government. Murray transferred his enterprise to William Dockwra, by whom it was carried on with such success that in a few years it excited the cupidity of Government, and it was consequently discovered to be an infringement of the prerogative of the Crown.

The proprietor of the spirited and too successful enterprise was consoled with a pension of £200 a-year, and was subsequently appointed controller of his own organisation. In this capacity he was accused of wilful mismanagement. In order to get it back into his own hands, it was said that he tried to render it unsuccessful as a Government department, and we find a memorial to the Commissioners of the Treasury alleging that Dockwra "forbids the taking in of handboxes (except very small) and all parcels above a pound," and it goes on to complain that "he stops, under spetious pretences, most parcels that are taken in, which is great damage to tradesmen, by losing their customers, or spoiling the goods, and many times hazards the life of the patient when physic is sent by a doctor or an apothecary."

Dockwra was removed, but the District Post-office—the Twopenny Post, as it was familiarly called, although, as we have seen, Murray reduced the twopenny to a penny—continued to exist as a separate department of the General Post-office, the District postmen, as many of our readers may remember, being distinguished by a blue uniform, and the General postmen by scarlet.

This duplicate arrangement of the London service was of course soon found to involve great waste of strength. There were two establishments to maintain, two managements to pay, and two men were commonly engaged in the distribution of letters which might very well have been taken by one; and in 1854-5 this had become so apparent that the amalgamation of the two bodies was effected, and the blue coats and the whole of the postal business of London was transferred to the wearers of the red.

The system thus set on foot in 1854 mapped out London into ten districts. There were two very small central ones—the eastern-central, around St. Martin's-le-Grand, and the western-central, around Holborn—and there were eight large, wedge-shaped, outer districts lying around the two central ones, and extending away for about twelve miles, their width of

course becoming the greater the farther they extended from the centre. These outer districts were designated respectively north, north-east, north-west, south, south-east, south-west, east, and west. The two central districts are still retained, and so are all the others, except that the southern has been absorbed into the south-eastern and south-western, and the north-eastern has become part of the eastern district. There are thus at the present time two central districts and six outer districts—N, NW, E, SE, SW, and W, and each of these eight sections of the metropolis may be said in a general way to have, for all postal purposes, a separate organisation. Each has its own pillar-boxes, receiving-houses, and central office, with its superintendent, inspector, overseers, assistant overseers, sorters and sub-sorters, letter-carriers, assistant letter-carriers, and auxiliaries. Postal London is therefore a federation of small states, and perhaps the readiest method of gaining an insight into the working of the system all over London is to visit one of the district offices when in full work.

We will take, then, any one of the district offices—say the head establishment of the south-eastern district, which is to be found just below St. George's Church, in the Borough. Externally, it is a plain, unimposing structure, by no means so important-looking as many a post-office in a small provincial town, though the centre of a postal system for perhaps half a million of people. Its territory is bounded by two nearly straight lines extending from the river near London Bridge to about the eight-mile circle round the metropolis, and it may be said to be represented by the space between two spokes of a wheel. Within this territory all postal packages of every description are brought to this office after collection; and all postal packages from without are brought here before they are distributed. For the purposes of collection and distribution, there are within the district 202 pillar and wall boxes, 108 receiving-houses, 20 letter-carriers' offices, and 8 branch offices, and the entire staff for postal purposes within the south-eastern district numbers 639 persons, while the work accomplished may be summed up by stating that during a recent week this organisation collected 596,946 letters and delivered 563,116. Putting the two numbers together, and multiplying by fifty-two, we have as a total year's work—assuming that the figures given are about the average—something over sixty millions and a quarter of letters either collected or delivered.

Bagloads of letters are pouring in as we enter, and the scene is one of no little noise and apparent confusion. The main structural feature of this district office is a long and spacious hall, with a lofty arched iron roof, and lighted by skylights. Throughout the length of the building are three rows of tables, partitioned off into spaces of about a yard, over each of which are two shelves, a lamp with a green shade, and a little iron cage for a ball of string. We enter just at the height of the afternoon's business, when all haste is being made for the evening mails for the country. Bags from the nearest receiving-houses and pillar-boxes—the "town receiving-houses," that is to say—have already come in, and those from the outer or suburban parts of the district are now arriving. As each bag comes in carefully tied and sealed, a shout is raised for the "Camberwell opener," the "Anerley opener," and so on, one particular officer being especially held

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responsible for the contents of each bag as it is opened, and he is alone, therefore, allowed to break the seal of it. The opener comes forward and turns out the contents—letters, books, newspapers, post-cards, little packages and boxes, and registered letters—all of which are duly entered on the "bill" that comes with them, and which has to be examined and checked just as though it were an invoice for grocery or a tailor's bill. If the bag is from a head receiving-office it is white; if from a subordinate office blue; while the contents of a pillar-post are accompanied by a green ticket. This of course does not specify what the contents are; it is merely a check upon the collector. Those who have ever peeped into a pillar-post while it is being cleared may have observed that there is a hook inside, upon which are some green slips of paper. Upon each of these slips is printed the time at which a clearance should be made, and when a postman clears a box he is invariably required to bring in with the letters the green slip of paper on which the time of clearance is printed. Thus, a man bringing in letters purporting to be from a particular box cleared at 5.30 p.m. has to bring the 5.30 p.m. ticket with him, and as he cannot get this ticket without going to the box, the production of it may be taken as a guarantee that the clearance has been properly made.

The proper officer having opened a bag and checked the contents of it, the collector "faces" them—arranges them all face upwards—that is, ready for the stamper whose duty it is to obliterate the stamps, and to pass them on to one of the sorting-tables already described. It has been observed that there are two shelves over each table. At the edge of each shelf is a three-sided strip of wood which may be turned so as to display either side that may be required. The letters are placed upon the table, addresses uppermost, and the strips of wood are turned so as to display a number of labels on which are printed the eight postal districts, and fifteen provincial districts, towns, railways, etc.—Ireland, Scotland, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Colonial and Continental, North-Western, Midland, Great Eastern, South-Eastern, South-Western, Great Western, and Suburban. Letters are sorted out under these various labels, and the shelves are cleared. It is in following these sorted letters from the shelves, that the advantage of the district postal system is more particularly seen. Some of the sorted packages, such, for instance, as the Scotch, the Irish, and the Continental and Colonial letters, are tied up in labelled bundles and sent off by the next cart to the General Post-office, there to be examined and passed on with the proper mails. In other cases, however, such, for instance, as that of the Brighton letters, they are merely passed to another table, examined, popped into a bag, sealed up, and sent off to London Bridge Station, and may be on their way to Brighton before they could get to the General Post-office. Similarly, letters for all places on the South-Western line are sent from this office straight off to Waterloo Station.

The majority of letters with which the District Post-offices have to do, however, are London letters, those that are to be transmitted merely from one part of London to another, and for the rapid circulation of these the system is admirably adapted.

Among the labels under which, as we said, all letters are sorted, we mentioned the eight districts, and "suburban." By "suburban" letters are meant

letters for the outer parts of the south-eastern district as distinct from the "town" letters. Under these two heads all south-eastern packages are known as "local" letters, and those have again to be sorted, the suburban being divided into "roads," or sub-districts, as the Anerley, Norwood, Deptford, Peckham, and so on; and the town sorted out into twenty-six "walks," each embracing a given number of streets.

Thus it will be seen that all letters do not pass on to the General Post-office, but that a certain proportion of them never leave the district in which they are posted, while many are despatched directly from the centre of the district in which they are posted to distant parts of the country, without the intervention of St. Martin's-le-Grand.

But we have yet to dispose of the letters for the other seven districts. From the shelves on which we saw them first sorted out, they are carried off and put into boxes, there to be examined by an officer specially appointed for each district, that is to say, every box is examined by an officer specially acquainted with the district it represents, and who will be able to detect any mistakes that may have been made in the sorting. This done, the contents of each box are sealed up in a bag, and the whole of them then rattle off in a cart, that has been waiting outside, as fast as a good horse can carry them, to St. Martin's-le-Grand. If we could only see far enough, we should discover that at the same time a cart was also rushing on towards the same spot from the eastern and the northern districts, as well as from the south-eastern; while on the west side of London carts were similarly proceeding from the south-western, western, and north-western districts—not all of them towards the east-central office, at St. Martin's-le-Grand, but many of them towards the west-central office near the British Museum. At each centre a cart is in waiting ready to convey bags destined for the districts on the other side of London. Bags are quickly transferred, and off go the carts between the two central offices, while the three carts at either centre exchange bags, and prepare to start as soon as the return cart comes in from the other side. Thus, with the least possible delay, every district of London exchanges bags with every other, and, theoretically at least, letters are on an average passed on from one district post-office to another, counting from the time at which boxes are cleared, in less than three-quarters of an hour. There is, perhaps, some little discrepancy between the theory and fact occasionally observable, but on the whole it must be conceded that the postal system of London is among the most elaborately organised and successful of modern machines, and both in its gigantic dimensions and the general smoothness, rapidity, and accuracy of its working, is the most wonderful organisation of the kind that the world has ever yet seen.

WHO IS IT KNOCKING AT THAT DOOR?

IN that highly respectable street in which it is my lot to dwell, and nearly opposite to my study window, stands a house in no respect distinguishable from the other houses of the row, except by the fact that it is very much visited by all classes of society, who come and go for the most part in a quiet and unobtrusive manner—very few of them, so far as my

observation extends, ever repeating the visit. The knocking at *that* door equals in amount that performed on half of the other knockers in the street of three-score houses taken together, and the performance is of a more varied kind, I will undertake to say, than is ever heard on ordinary knockers. Door-knocking, as every one knows, is an art, practised in perfection, it is said, only at the west-end, where tall professors in plush and gold lace, who ride behind their carriages, study it with complete success. But though knocking is an art, it may be practised without any art at all, and, indeed, your artless performance is more eloquent and suggestive than the thundering assaults of the trained professor. It is the spontaneous knock that appeals to one's feelings, and not the studied one; in the latter there is no character, while the former often gives expression to the emotions of him or her whose bold or faltering hand lays hold of the iron monitor, and taps authoritatively or tremblingly, loudly or modestly, under the unconscious inspiration of the moment.

About ten in the morning, and occasionally somewhat earlier, the visitors will begin to put in an appearance. Let us take post at the study window, and see who comes this morning. That poor woman with the woebegone face, drooping head, and rusty garments, who has been looking right and left as she came along, stops, you see, at Number 19, and after slowly spelling out the inscription on the brass plate which decorates the garden gate, crosses the little patch of garden, and mounting the half-dozen doorsteps, gives a single half-pronounced dab, and stands motionless as a statue until it shall be convenient for somebody to attend to her summons. She waits long, for that faint appeal has not been heard, and at length, without betraying the least symptom of impatience, she knocks again, a very little, just a thought, louder, and in due course the door is opened by a "lither lad," a kind of cross between a boots and a buttons, with an apron not particularly white round his waist, and his shirt-sleeves turned back towards the elbows. He does not utter a word, but turning his back to the meek applicant, mechanically points her the way she has to go, and the door closes. After a short interval—only a few minutes at most—the door reopens noiselessly, and the melancholy-looking drooping figure comes out, glides down the steps, and walks wearily away by the route she came.

The next arrival is a person of a different kind altogether. He is one of the lords of the creation, asserting his lordship with a jaunty, confident bearing—which, however, is rather too jaunty and confident to be perfectly genuine. You see that he is acting a part, though he is not really aware of so doing himself, and it is pretty plain that, independent and self-satisfied as he looks, he is not absolutely at his ease. He is remarkably well dressed, and is, you may be sure, quite conscious of that; but there is another consciousness that influences him, and which betrays itself by certain signs which an observer of the ways of men knows well enough how to interpret. Thus, when he has given an unexceptionable business rat-a-tat-tat, he immediately turns his back to the door, balances himself on his toes on the upper step, then shifts the balance to his heels and clasps his hands behind him, then turns half round and pulls out a cambric handkerchief, which he applies with affected deliberation to his face, then looks up to the sky with an inquiring gaze, as

if anxious on the subject of the weather. He would probably favour us with some further manifestations, but he hears the footsteps of the janitor, and, resuming his sobriety of demeanour, is admitted with as little ceremony as his melancholy predecessor. In a very few minutes he also appears again, bowed out by some one who is scarcely visible in the shadow of the passage, and goes off with a quick step and the air of a man who has done something he had determined on.

Again there are visitors, and this time it is a party who drive up in a close carriage, and who make no signs of alighting until the summons of the driver, heartily delivered both on knocker and bell, has brought the janitor to the door—said janitor having by this time cast aside his apron, washed his face and hands, and invested himself in the panoply of a full-blown buttons. Then the party of four—two of each sex—vanish within doors with the quickness of thought, and there they remain for a considerable time longer than either of their predecessors, but, emerging at length, make off as rapidly and unceremoniously as they came.

Do you see those two persons sauntering up and down?—the woman in an ill-fitting slight dress rather carelessly got up, and a tawdry new bonnet, following at the heels of a man, apparently of the hard-working class, in fustian jacket and highlows, who carries his hands in his pockets. They are both waiting to knock at that door, the woman especially casting a longing look towards it from time to time. They have been looking out for nearly half an hour for other persons who had agreed to meet them here, but who have not arrived; and from the bearing of the man it seems that he does not intend waiting much longer. And now the woman is talking to him eagerly, as she points to a party of three working masons coming down the street. She makes some proposal to which her companion objects at first with a sharp shake of the head, indicating a decided negative. But she persists, until he yields a sort of spiteful assent, and he accosts the party of workmen as they draw near, apparently soliciting some favour of them. All three burst into a laugh, and one of them, solemnly bowing to the lady, tucks her arm beneath his own, while the other two get the gentleman between them, and the whole group march up to the much-enduring knocker. The lady's man beats a manful tattoo loud enough to rouse the whole neighbourhood, and the portal is hardly thrown wide when they all rush in without ceremony, and almost upset the methodical buttons in their haste. When they come out again you may note two things. One is the very remarkably changed expression of the face of the woman, who appears now twice as good-looking as she was before, and as pleased and contented as half an hour ago she was anxious and wishful. Another thing you will note, if you care to look for it, and that is that the whole party of five adjourn to the public-house round the corner of the street, where the gentleman in fustian stands treat, and where, let us hope, they may not be tempted to remain and "make a day of it."

Here comes Doctor Squill's brougham along the street, driven by his tiger in light grey livery. It stops at No. 19, the door flies open as the doctor trips up the steps; he has no patient there to-day, it is plain, for he has been absent scarcely a minute when he emerges again, escorted by the obsequious buttons, re-enters his brougham, and drives off.

Take note again. Yonder, coming round the corner, is a brisk young fellow of some five-and-twenty, full of spirits and vivacity, and evidently brimming over with feelings of satisfaction that will not be repressed. He stands still for a moment or two while he takes a scrutinising survey of the street, looking severely this way and that, now at the north row of houses, now at the south row, until, fixing his eye on the brass plate on the garden gate of No. 19, he bears down upon it almost at the double. He carries an amber-headed cane under his arm, and occasionally relieves his mind by grasping it in his hand and making a few flourishes in the air, then returning it to its place. He mounts the steps with a skip and a bound, and executes the smartest of imaginable double-raps. He cannot, however, wait quietly until the door is opened, and as Mr. Buttons happens to be rather dilatory this time in responding to the appeal, the young fellow turns his back to the door, and raising himself to his full height, indulges in a sort of panoramic view of the neighbourhood, the condition of which, judging from his countenance, meets with his emphatic approval. The next moment he is struck by the apparition of Mrs. Pontifex's tabby cat stalking stealthily across the road, and he instinctively shoulders his cane fowling-piece fashion, as if with the intention of taking a pot shot and bagging poor puss. Then, as if shocked at such a violation of propriety, he steadies himself—pulls himself together, as he might say—trifles a moment with his shirt-collar, adjusts his wristbands, and tightens his kid gloves. All this, the rapid performance of perhaps a minute, has been gone through when the door opens and he vanishes within. In a very brief time he is out again, wearing a jovial look, and he stops in the act of drawing on his right-hand glove for the purpose of tipping Master Buttons, whose usually stolid countenance at this unusual exercise of liberality assumes a sympathising expression, and who bows him out at the garden gate as he skips and bounds away.

This mercurial subject has been gone about an hour when we see a couple of young girls, one of them sobbing bitterly, and the other with tearful eyes and tender endearing words trying in vain to comfort her. They knock faintly at the door, and the would-be comforter goes in, while the other sits down on the lowest step, and gives vent in a flood of tears to the grief she cannot control. She is better for the relief of tears, and when her friend rejoins her is able to assume composure as they walk away together.

The business at No. 19 seems to know no intermission on Sundays—at any rate, on Sunday mornings, there are often more visitors than on any other morning of the week. From about nine o'clock until the church bells begin to toll for the forenoon service is the time for Sunday visitation to this house of call. It is parties, not individuals, who then knock at the much-besieged door—parties in carriages, parties in cabs, parties on foot arriving in talkative groups, or straggling as if with no object in view, one after another. It does not signify a straw what is the state of the weather. Genteel people will drive up in their broughams or chaises, and people who are by no means genteel, but very much the reverse, will come draggletailing through the rain, sleet, or snow, in sublime disregard of mud and dirt and the damage to their finery consequent on such annoyances. Moreover, it is remarkable that these pilgrims are invariably quiet and subdued in their behaviour—so

much so, that unless you happen to be on the look-out for them, you will not be aware of their coming and going. Like the phantoms raised by the witches in "Macbeth," they may almost be said to "come like shadows, so depart," so silent is their advent and their disappearance. Further, they are all strange faces that one sees—never, by any chance, at least, in our experience, has a familiar face turned up in these Sunday morning visitations; you may see them once, but it is a thousand to one that you never saw them before, or that you ever catch sight of any one of them again, or if you do it will be, most likely, without recognising them.

The reader can hardly have felt much puzzled as to the nature of the business transacted at No. 19. The mystery regarding it, if there be any, is of a kind that explains itself—*solvitur ambulando*, as the learned phrase runs. The performers on that door-knocker, careful as some of them are to mask their feelings or their purpose, wear but a thin disguise easily penetrable to eyes accustomed to look deeper than the show of things. Our fair readers, we feel pretty sure, have for the most part grasped the facts of the case, as it were, by instinct, and do not need that we should be at the pains of enlightening them. If, however, it should be the case that a reader of either sex has read so carelessly or cursorily as to be still in the dark, he or she has only to peruse the inscription on the brass plate affixed to the garden gate over the way, when neither of them will ask for any further clue. It is but a brief common-place address, and runs thus: "*Office of the Superintendent Registrar of Births, Deaths, and Marriages.*"

Varieties.

OMNIBUS JAR.—A New York unlicensed practitioner of medicine kept a large glass jar, into which he emptied the remains of all medicines in vials and bottles as he replenished them. When a patient was on his hands whom none of his physics would fetch round, and he could not tell what was the matter with the man, then he resorted to the omnibus jar, giving him a good dose of that, for he was sure there was something in it to cure anything and everything.—*N. Y. Observer.*

TACT.—The Duke of Grammont was the most adroit and witty courtier of his day. He entered one day the closet of Cardinal Mazarin without being announced. His Eminence was amusing himself by jumping against the wall. To surprise a prime minister in so boyish an occupation was dangerous. A less skilful courtier might have stammered excuses, and retired. But the duke entered briskly, and cried out, "I'll bet you one hundred crowns that I jump higher than your Eminence!" And the duke and cardinal began to jump for their lives. Grammont took care to jump a few inches lower than the cardinal, and six months afterwards was marshal of France.

A TRUE WIFE.—The prince's speech, as chairman at the 101st meeting of the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, elicited from Lord John Russell a letter to her Majesty, expressing warm approval and admiration. In her reply her Majesty said:—"The Queen, at the risk of not appearing sufficiently modest (and yet why should a wife ever be modest about her husband's merits), must say that she thinks Lord John Russell will admit now that the prince is possessed of very extraordinary powers of mind and heart. She feels so proud of being his wife that she cannot refrain from herself paying a tribute to his noble character."—*Life of the Prince Consort.*

RANKE'S HISTORY OF SERBIA.—Thirty years ago Leopold Ranke, of Berlin, wrote a "History of Serbia and the Servian Revolution." It was translated by Mrs. Alexander Kerr, and published by Mr. Murray in 1847. Professor Ranke, in a letter to the translator, expressed a hope "that his book may excite

in the English nation an interest for the Christians under Turkish rule." While chiefly relating to Servia, references are made to "atrocities" of the Turkish rulers in Bulgaria, Bosnia, Greece, and other subject States. And on the last page of the book these notable sentences appear, which are as applicable now as they were in 1847:—"So long as the Porte shall maintain the exclusive prerogative of the followers of Islam to conduct military and State affairs, outrages will incessantly be renewed, and the simplest and most rightful claims of the Christian population will be allowed to remain unheeded. The spirit of modern times, which operates only by political means, does not aim at the annihilation of Islamism, either by conversion or force. Still we are perfectly right in restraining it within due limits, and we are fully justified in endeavouring to prevent the followers of the Christian religion from being trampled upon simply because they are Christians."

DR. RIMBAULT.—Among the losses of this year we have to lament that of Dr. Rimbault, to whom the readers of the "Leisure Hour" have been indebted for many pleasant pages on musical subjects. He was of an old Huguenot stock, the family having come to England among the refugees at the revocation of the edict of Nantes. His father was for forty years organist of the church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields. At the age of eighteen Edward Rimbault for a time supported his mother and younger brothers and sisters. Till his death, in his sixtieth year, his life was one of constant and fruitful industry. In musical literature and antiquities he was a high authority, and his knowledge of general literature was also extensive. From the first number of "Notes and Queries" to the present year, numerous contributions attest the variety of his learning. Some of his musical and antiquarian works have been widely known. He was a man of amiable and genial spirit, and his varied knowledge and valuable library were always at the service of students.

MAZZINI DESCRIBED BY DISRAELI.—"There came forward to meet him a man rather below the middle height, but of symmetrical and imposing mien. His face was grave, not to say sad; thought, not time, had partially silvered the clustering of his raven hair; but intellectual power reigned in his wide brow, while determination was the character of the rest of his countenance, under great control, yet apparently, from the dark flashing of his eye, not incompatible with fanaticism." Such is the description of the Italian patriot by the author of "Lothair," who makes the republican general, who sought the interview, say to Mazzini, "You formed the mind of our country; you kindled and kept alive the sacred flame when all was gloom, and all were without heart. Such prodigious devotion, so much resource and pertinacity and patience, were never before exhibited by man; and whatever may be said by your enemies, I know that in the greatest hour of action you proved equal to it."

VIVISECTION.—Mr. Robert Lowe, M.P., in a recent article in the "Contemporary Review," denounces the Vivisection Act of last Session, and would greatly have preferred an amendment of the existing "Act against cruelty to animals." The law at pre-

sent enacts for cruelty to any domestic animal a penalty of £5, or imprisonment, at discretion of the Court. It is a law for the poor only. Mr. Lowe would have had the penalty increased to £100, so as to include rich culprits, and he would extend the object of the Act to all animals, whether domestic or wild. We quite agree with Mr. Lowe in regretting the special enactment of a law about Vivisection. It would have been far better to leave the trial of cruelty by physiologists to magistrates and juries; and even if convictions were not obtained, the publicity (as in the Norwich prosecution) would help to make these cruelties known and detested. The new Act is a law for protecting physiologists rather than for protecting animals.

DEODAND.—Some hundreds of deaths occur every year in London from careless driving. At St. Petersburg, when any one is run over, the carriage causing the accident is confiscated, the horses are taken for the use of the Fire Brigade, and the driver is often flogged by the police authorities; the consequence of which is that very few accidents do occur.

JEREMY TAYLOR'S CHEERFULNESS IN TROUBLE.—During the troubles of the Civil War, Bishop Jeremy-Taylor suffered sorely for his adherence to Charles I, but his spirit rose above earthly trials:—"I am fallen into the hands of publicans and sequestrators: and they have taken all from me. What now! Let me look about me. They have left me sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife, many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me, and I can discourse, and unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance, and my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience; they have left me the providence of God, and all the promises of the Gospel, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them too. I can walk in my neighbour's pleasant fields, and see the variety of natural beauties, and delight in all that in which God delights; that is, in wisdom and virtue, in the whole creation, and in God Himself. And he that hath so many causes of joy, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness, if he loses all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down on his own little handful of thorns."

FOR TIME OR FOR ETERNITY.—John Wesley wrote to a student, "Beware that you are not swallowed up in books. An ounce of love to God is worth a pound of transient knowledge. What is the real value of a thing, but the price it will bear in eternity? Let no study swallow up or entrench upon the hours of private prayer. Nothing is of so much importance as this, for it is not the possession of gifts, but of grace, nor of sound knowledge and orthodox faith, so much as the principle of holy love and the practice of Christian precepts which distinguish the heir of glory from the child of perdition." Dr. Henry Edwards remarks, "As probationers for an eternal state, it must be palpable to the plainest understanding that everything in time must be more or less important precisely as it has to do with our future destination. Hence the most trivial occurrence which has a sure connection with our eternal interests is great; and the greatest which has no connection is trivial."



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